EDWIN R. SELBY, Editor.

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Poetry.

From the Saturday News

TO * * * * *.

BY T. G SPEAR.

Not to yield thee love's caresses,
Would my song thy beauty plead,
Though bright eyes and raven tresses,
Made me first thy features heed:
In thy looks no thought dissembling,
Could my constant watchings trace,
But a soul to virtue trembling,
Beaming from thy lovely face.

Thou hast grown a fairy creature,
As the wild-bird over gay,
Pealing forth some joyous metre,
Through the livelong summer's day:
There's a spell of joy about thee,
Smoothing down the brows of care,—
Home, they say, is drear without thee,
Hapless scene when thou art there.

This proclaims thy glowing spirit—
But, beware! when clouds arise,
That they may not shade thy merit,
Learn while youthful to be wise:
Thou art fair—but, maid! believe me,
Frost will blight the virgin rose,
And thy voice of joy may leave thee,
Ere thy summer days shall close.

Then each friendly lesson cherish—
Pass not time's monitions by,
And thy bloom not soon may perish,
Nor thy lips repentant sigh:
All thy gentle virtues nourish—
All excess of pleasure shun,
All thy hopes shall sweetly flourish,
Till life's gently setting sun.

From the Lady's Book.

Amelia:—A Sketch.

BY MISS S. E. DENHALLOW.

Human life, with its vicissitudes and changes, its bright gleams of sunshine, and its dark hours of shadow, is a study which may well claim the interest of the reflecting mind. The prize is one of varied character, now bright with hope, gilded by anticipation, then shrouded in gloom. Trace but the history of a single individual from infancy to maturity, and thence on to the decline of life, and how checkered are its lines; the favored child of ease and indulgence may see friends, fortune, all departing, till the last link, the last tie of life is broken—while he who in penury and sorrow first entered upon the experience of life, sees himself, by a succession of unforeseen circumstances, raised to the very pinnacle of prosperous fortune. And so the world goes on, the wheel is ever turning, the secret springs which influence man's earthly destiny and produce his moral discipline, are to us invisible; it is enough that He who controls and directs them all, is as perfect in wisdom as in goodness.

The superficial observer looks on and exclaims, 'tis the work of chance: he looks not beyond the surface, he sees not the hidden causes which have produced the result—he perceives not that character has exerted a powerful influence—he acknowledges not the doings of an inscrutable providence. From slender materials some manufacture a fabric of happiness; while others as wantonly sport with their own peace and that of others, and throw from them every advantage which station, friends, and all else can offer. How little does the parent realize when his found indulgence is fostering the seeds of passion in the child of his affection, that he is barbing the arrow which is to destroy his future peace—how seldom does he reflect that the indulgence of one selfish feeling and sinful passion may poison the stream of life and turn all its waters to bitterness.

The changes which mark an individual's lot, would sometimes seem to baffle all calculations upon cause and effect.—Again, they would seem the natural result of character, as no arbitrary enactment, the simple following out of consequences, the effects which as naturally follow from the previous causes, as the harvest of autum from the showers and sunshine of Summer. A circumstance, which may be placed in the latter class, was related to me a short time since, which though wearing something of the garb of romance, in its simple truth but confirms the assertion, that the every day occurrences of life will occasionally cause fiction and imagination to blush for their deficiency.

'What is the matter,' exclaimed Mr. Meredith, as he entered his own luxurious apartment; 'why that frown my dearest wife—and whether goes my own little Amelia?' as his daughter hastily closed the door opposite the one he had entered.

'If a frown was on my brow,' answered Mrs. Meredith, 'it was that I was balancing Amelia's wishes with my own.'

'And the scale has preponderated in her favor,' added Mr. M., finishing the sentence his wife had commenced.

'You are right—I refused until refusal was in vain. I knew her health would be endangered, but she has set her heart on attending the dancing school ball.'

'But she is just recovering from sickness, and the exposure on such an evening as this promises to be, may cost her her life—surely you have not consented.'

'I have—for I cannot long oppose Amelia; in thwarting her, I punish myself,' answered the weekly indulgent mother.

'Ah, my dear Mary,' exclaimed Mr. Meredith, 'and will a constant course of self-indulgence prepare our child to bear the necessary ills and trials of life? No—believe me, though opposition may not meet her here while under our care, though we may shield her from suffering, the world will not be slow to disappoint her.'

Mr. Meredith was a man of principle and sense, he loved his own family circle, but the increasing calls of his profession left him little leisure for home, little time to devote to his daughter's education, though there were times when he deeply regreted the weak and mistaken indulgence which Amelia received from her mother; an only child, she was the cherished object of affection to both parents; but far different was their mode of manifesting it. While Mrs. Meredith weakly yielded to every caprice and whim which the spoiled child of fortune could form, her husband, with a more judicious affection, looked forward to the future effect upon her character. He thought of the time when the fond paternal love would be withdrawn, and the world would come with its disappointments and he would have given to his child those principles, which would enable her in the hour of trial to resist its influences. Yet, with many cares constantly pressing upon him, engaged in a profession which obliged him to pass much of his time from home, the mother's influence was more powerfully felt, and the little Amelia was not slow to learn the lesson that she was beautiful, and the sole heiress of her father's wealth. With an affectionate heart and fine powers of mind, under the withering influence of flattery and indulgence, she was daily becomming selfish and imperious; her will had so long been law with her mother and her mother's servants, that the idea of sacrificing it never once entered her mind. How little do we realize the fatal influences of such a course until some startling proofs force themselves upon us.

Years passed away, the beautiful but wilful child was just entering upon the world of fashion, of which she was so likely to become an idol, when her father's death left her the mistress of a fortune, which by no means lessened the powers of her own personal attractions. Surrounded by admirers, drinking the intoxicating draught of adulation from all, Amelia became the reigning belle in the large town of B——. Accustomed to seek her own selfish gratification, she trifled on, now repulsing, now encouraging her numerous admirers, and while trifling with all, seriously interested in none. Their attentions were grateful, because they flattered her vanity—as to her heart, that was still untouched, and she could hear and say brilliant nothings, receive their homage day after day, and turn from them without one feeling of marked interest. At a large evening party, where, as usual, surrounded, the centre of attraction, she was talking and laughing, her attention was arrested by a gentleman, who leaning pensively against a marble bust, at a short distance from her, seemed wholly abstracted from, and indifferent to the scene around him.

'Who is he?' said she to a gentleman who stood near her.

'Be a little more definite,' said he, smiling at her air of interest, 'and I will endeavor to answer your question. 'Oh,' said she, 'Il Penseroso, I should call him. I mean the stranger who is leaninig against the bust yonder—he is just speaking to Mrs. W.'

'That, oh, that is Mr. Ludlow, a bright star in the literary constellation, the lawyer who has distinguished himself so much by his successful plea in a late important case. You have surely heard of his eloquence,—all the papers of the day have rung with his name—he passes a few weeks in B. on professional duty.' Amelia remembered having heard Mr. Ludlow's name mentioned in terms of high encomium. But when her companion enquired if he should introduce him, 'no, certainly not,' said she, 'I never seek the acquaintance of any gentleman:' her manner having evidently proved she was not averse to making this an exception to her general rule,—and the gallant Captain soon went in pursuit of Mr. L., whom he found engaged in conversation with several gentlemen, and by no means anxious for the proposed introduction to a lady whose coquetry was as notorious as her beauty. The Captain returned alone, and Amelia bit her lip with pique at the indifference of the stranger; but he shall feel it; yes thought she, he shall sue for my acquaintance—he shall bow at my shrine, and ere six months have passed I will see if his heart be made of too flinty materials to feel my power.

Evening after evening, and often in her morning walks did she pass the stranger, who still manifested the same indifference. Accident however at length introduced them. Amelia was one of a party who were returning from an excursion on horseback, her horse took fright at some object in the road, and a serious accident, if not death itself, seemed inevitable—when Mr. Ludlow, who happened to be near, seized the reins, and saved her from the impending evil. It has been remarked, and the experience of every one may determine with how much truth, that those whom we have aalways a claim on our affections.—The next morning, civility demanded a call of enquiry, Miss Meredith had not wholly recovered from the alarm of the preceding day—she was paler and more languid than usual—but the deep blush which suffused her face as she received the enquiries of Mr. L. with the fascinations of her whole manner, excited an interest which he would gladly have concealed even from himself.

Henry Ludlow had been born in a humble and indeed obscure situation, but by the brilliancy of his natural powers, and his usual exertion in their cultivation, he had risen to be the admired, the courted, not only of the literary, but of the gay and fashionable world; he was not handsome, but the decidedly intellectual cast of his countenance, the high pale brow, the dark expressive eye, even to the casual observer, spoke a mind of no ordinary cast. Hetofore engaged in study and professional duty, he had rarely mixed in general society; his frequent cards of invitation had been slighted—but now each day found him a visiter at Miss Meredith's. It was not by her personal attractions alone, though her beauty was dazzling, that she had charmed; her spells had been thrown around him, and every art which coquetry, a desire to please, and, we may add too, feelings of pique for former indifference could call into exercise, had been used by Amelia to captivate the talented Ludlow. His heart thus beseiged by the united power of beauty and fascination, yielded at length to their influence. Amelia felt too that his society was essential to her happiness—if she did not see him constantly her depression too plainly told the void she had felt; but to conceal these sentiments with the mark of indifference was her aim, until her triumph was complete over one who had hitherto been insensible to all female attraction.

In the vicinity of B. is a beautiful spot called the cresent beach, whose advancing and receding waves heve given rise to so many beautiful and poetical images; the high precipices which rose in some parts, contrasting their dark brown rugged sides with the beautiful plains beyond, all presented a scene of singular interest and beauty. This was a favorite resort during the summer months. Amelia and Ludlow, who had joined a large and gay party to this spot, had wandered alone to one of the wildest spots on the coast; he had before often alluded to the nature of his sentiments, which Amelia had always chosen to misunderstand; he now resolved to decide the question—and while his fine face became animated with feeling as he spoke with the high sense of honor which eminently characterised him, he proudly and with manly decision spoke of his present want of fortune, his moderate wishes, and his plans for domestic happiness. Amelia secretly felt that poverty with him would be prferable to splendor with any other. But even then, at the moment when her answer was expected, an answer which was to decide her future fate, she gaily turned to him, saying, 'leap to yonder cliff and I am yours;' for at this moment she perceived the party advancing, and felt that her long expected period of triumph had arrived.

The spot on which they stood was separated from the cliff to which she pointed by a space of several feet, between which was a deep chasm; it seemed that some violent convulsion of nature must have sundered the mineral rock from their very base, for it was frightful to look down on the yawning chasm below.

'Will you repeat those words,' exclaimed Ludlow, every feature of his usually calm face expressive of the deepest feeling.

'I do repeat them; this spot shall take its name from the feat—henceforward we will call it the Lovers Leap.'

All now were in breathless expectation, for their last words, almost unconciously to themselves, had found other auditors in some of the party who were near. It was indeed an instant of breathless suspense, though all who had heard the challenge, supposed it rather a thoughtless jest than sober earnest, but there was one to whom they were words of serious reality. With the agility of one accustomed to scale mountains and ford rivers, to which the scenes of his early life had familiarized him, he leaped from the spot on which they stood, and no time was left for remonstrance—he stood on the opposite height, but not long enough to receive their congratulations; taking a circuitous path, which led round at the distance of half a mile, he rejoined the party, Amelia, glowing with animation and gratified vanity, stood ready to receive him with extended hand; but Ludlow, with a slight and distant bow passed on; he spoke not to her, but with a hasty excuse to some of the elder members of the party left them, ere they could recover from their astonishment.

* * * * * * *

It was on a festive eve, that a brilliant circle of the fashionable and the gay, we will not say the happy, for gayety is seldom the test of happiness, and the mask of pleasure is often assumed to hide an aching heart, had assembled at the house of Mrs. Andrews, a rich widow in New York.

"Who is that interesting stranger leaning on the arm of a gentleman who has just entered the room?" said a young lady to Amelia. Amelia looked too—years had passed away, change had come over him, but the quick eye of affection discovered in the elegant stranger the favored, the loved of former years. It was Ludlow—yes, it was he whose love she had thrown from her. They who had been all the world to each other, whose destiny she had once believed indissolubly linked with hers—they met as strangers—a world was between them—the revulsion was too great—past scenes of happiness could never be recalled—lost opportunities could not be recovered—Amelia's heart was crushed, and by her own folly.

To describe the feeling of the ardent and high-souled Ludlow when he heard the heartless challenge of Amelia, is impossible—it tore from his intellectual vision the mask which had concealed the truth. Could she whom he had so devotedly loved, could she so lightly risk his safety? Could she so thoughtlessly sport with his feelings and his life, while he would have shielded her from even a moment's pain.

Leaving B——, which had been merely a temporary home, he travelled to the south, and established himself in one of the cities, married a beautiful girl & rose to eminence in his profession. And where was Amelia? It were vain to say she had not suffered the penalty of her folly—wounded affection and pride had long deprived her of peace. She married, but the heart had little to do with the connection, and often did the faults and peevishness of her husband, lead her to deplore, with the bitterest feelings of self-reproach, the fatal act by which she had sacrificed her happiness and peace of mind.

Portsmouth, N. H.

On the following article from the Globe, the Editors make these remarks, and he who reads the article will say they are correct:

YEOMAN.

"A correspondent, who represents a class which has ever done good service in the cause of freedom, is not wanting in spirit and power to the character he has assumed. He draws a strong bow, and sends a keen arrow with unerring aim.

Those who read the first column of the communication on the preceding page, and read no more, may set it down in their note books that they are devoid of taste for fine writing and are dead to the feellings of patriotism."

"MONEYED ARISTOCRACY."

Mr. Editor:—There is a hollow cant, a sickly fastidiousness prevailing, which shrinks from calling things by their right names. One of the objects of its peculiar aversion is the phrase prefixed to this letter, the use of which has called down upon your devoted head such bitter denunciations. Despising this hypocritical delicacy, as much as I do that which it would fain shield and protect, I shall without scruple, employ the obnoxious term, as characterizing distinctly and emphatically this spurious excrescence, which is spreading itself over the body, politic and social, of our young and rising Republic. The thing unquestionably exists. Why, then, should we mince and falter, or hesitate to call it by its appropriate name? Yes, sir, a *moneyed aristocracy* (that is the word) is not gradually, but rapidly, growing up, beneath whose overshadowing influence, if we take not timely heed, our young and yet vigorous institutions must sicken, wither, and die. A huge, parasitical plant is clasping our noble tree with its fatal embraces, which, unless we look to it well, will drink up the wholesome moisture, and poison the very juices of its life. A class, strong in numbers, but still more powerful in means, is striving to bring all others in subjection to it, that it may establish on the ruins of virtue, liberty, and independence, a degrading ascendancy. He must, indeed, be a poor observer of human nature and the progress of events, who has not detected, in the political contests which have agitated our country for some years past, the evidences of this sordid aspiration. Sir, a war has been carried on, and still rages with augmenting violence, between wealth and freedom—between the power of money on one side, and the power of principles on the other—the issue of which, if not doubtful, is still undecided The battle between the Bank and the Government, for it yet rages, is, more properly speaking, a war between the bankers and the people; and believe me, there is more at stake in the contest than the triumph of a man, or the existence of an institution. It is a common mistake to look upon political events as isolated, occasional, accidental, or entirely independent upon each other. The seminal principle, the efficient cause, the moving though secret springs, are not detected by the merely superficial observer.—This mistake has been made with regard to the political events that have lately agitated, and are now convulsing the country,—which have been attributed to certain men, to uncertain accidents, and I do not know what other causes or influences, equally unsatisfactory, and inadequate to explain them. People forget that men are but instruments, events but opportunities, and that the essential principles of things lie deeper, and are more vital and enduring. Let us seek to trace effects to their causes; to reduce mere phenomena to their principles.

There has existed in all countries, in all free countries, at least, a feeling which renders the producing or agricultural class jealous and distrustful of those engaged in commercial and pecuniary pursuits. Perhaps the first and most natural division of political parties is into those of town and country. By some, this mistrustful feeling has been characterized as unworthy, illiberal, and dangerous.—Those who so deem it are but shallow observers; mere pretenders to political philosophy. This sentiment—founded, like all those which are universal and enduring, in human nature—is of instinctive sagacity, and offers to a nation one of the strongest guaranties for the preservation of its liberty and happiness. I assert, without hesitation, that the privileges of a free people are not safe in the hands of the financial classes. Without meaning any personal disrespect to merchants, many of whom I esteem highly, and whose flourishing existence I deem indispensable to the prosperity of a great nation, I affirm, without scruple, that, as a class, they are not so profoundly and permanently attached to a country as those who are, in a manner, fixed and rooted in the soil. They are not absolutely identified with the land which they inhabit, but are, to a certain extent, citizens of the world. They live on the outskirt, the mere edge of the country, and can readily take to water on the first danger or alarm. The commercial world, which embraces in one vast empire the four continents, with their tributary islands, is coextensive with the dominion of the winds and the waves. Its capitals are London, Amsterdam, Canton, New-York—not Washington or Harrisburg; its thermometer, to use the phrase of one of its own orators, is hung up in the English stock exchange. "We owe our first duty to foreigners," exclaims Mr. Biddle, who avowedly takes his cue from the *Barings* and the *British bank parlor*. I am not surprised at the distrust of the simple countryman, when he hears foreign sympathies and stranger influences so ostentatiously proclaimed.

The overgrown fortunes, too, which are accumulated in the lottery of trade and speculative adventure, are destructive of that equality, that happy mediocrity, which it is the interest, and should of course be the object, of republican institutions to cherish and promote. The extensive connections and indiscriminate foreign intercourse of merchants are fatal, or at least unfavorable, to that exclusive feeling of *country*, that fixed, local attachment called patriotism, which, however the cant of modern philanthropy may decry it as but a more expanded selfishness, is the only safe basis upon which to erect the edifice of national freedom and happiness. A man should love his family first, then his country—with an equal ardor if possible; after which, if he have any tenderness to spare, he can bestow it upon the world at large. This is the dictate of common sense, the lesson of universal experience teaches, which, after all, in matters of this sort at least, it will ever be found safer to trust than to the crude speculations and misty glimmerings of the visionary theorist.—Neither are the pursuits of commerce and money-dealing favorable to the growth or preservation of those simple habits, those homely virtues, those masculine qualities, which nourish liberty and promote true and lasting happiness. The country, sir, the country is the true home and proper domain of liberty. That the edifice of freedom may endure, its foundations should be deeply laid in the soil, its ample base spread widely over the land. In peace, or in war, in adversity as in prosperity, in all the fluctuating tides of time and fortune, the happiness, the glory, the safety of the country must rest chiefly upon its honest yeomanry; must look for protection and support to the simple true, honest, uncorrupted and incorruptible cultivaters of the land.—This is the law of its destiny, the condition of its existence.

But, sir, this useful, and therefore justifiable, distrust which I have described and defended, is amply repaid by the affected contempt of the antagonist class. It has grown quite the fashion with these men of the counter and interest table, to arrogate to themselves a proud superiority; to assume airs, as of high birth and patrician distinction; to talk of the people, in fine, as of an inferior class or *caste*, a mob, a populace, *canaille*. Mr. Biddle, the prince and idol of money changers, in an oration delivered before some college, which, by-the-by, with singular want of delicacy, he made the vehicle of his impotent spite and disappointed political rancor that stings itself to death, like the scorpion within a circle of fire, talked about a *vulgar despotism*, a *servile route*, and very mildly and decently consigned the whole democracy of the country, or its representatives at least, prospectively however, to the *penitentiary*.—By what right, I ask, does this arrogant *money monger* parade such insolent contempt for the majority of his fellow-citizens? men, in every noble and estimable quality at least, upon *a par* with himself. When he talks of the penitentiary as a fit place for his betters, does he not recollect that, like them who are destined to be its inmates, he actually lives by the *turning* of money; and that the professed avocations of those of whom he is the head, of brokers, usurers and money changers, are much more akin to the actions that consign men within its walls, than these are to the simple, honest, industrious pursuits of those whom he so impotently stigmatises?

Sir, I am made sick, when I hear these people arrogating to themselves aristocratical pretensions, or patrician honors. A pretty idea they must have of an aristocracy, who would compound it of such sordid materials. There is much room here, indeed, for the "pride of heraldry, the pomp of power." "A little civit, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!" Let me tell these gentlemen, that if an aristocracy were to be established to-morrow, its elements, its materials, would not be sought for in the stock exchange in Wall street, or even in Mr. Biddle's bank. The cadets, the youngest branches, the most distant offsets of the new institution, would instinctively shrink, *naso adunco*, from such places, such associations, and such pursuits. Believe me, they are not at all patrician.

Republican as I am, I can yet look upon a genuine aristocracy without horror or repugnance. Conscientiously, and from reason, prefering our institutions, as more consonate to nature, more just in principle, and more conducive to the happiness of all, I can still see in a properly constituted aristocracy, much to admire and to approve of, much that flatters my taste, and appeals to my imagination.—There is a poetry and pageantry about it, to resist the fascination of which reqeires no little strength of principle, no little firmness of opinion. Illustrous birth, historical name, titles derived from deeds of knightly emprise, personal traditions interwoven with the annals of a nation, associations which awaken in the mind all that is proud and glorious in recollection, an elevation from birth above the necessity of sordid pursuits and considerations, a splendid state, a noble hospitality, a high sense of honor, a refined tone of manners, a grand representative dignity—these and other kindred things are made to influence us, and we are made to be influenced by them. They would, indeed, constitute real titles, just claims, to our unmingled admiration, were they not accompanied by correspondent evils, which more than merely overbalance their charm and advantage. But, sir, this is not Mr. Biddle's aristocracy. That is a thing of fresh and fungous origin; springing suddenly out of the dirt, like a mushroom from the dunghill; vulgar, coarse, and repulsive, with nothing to adorn, to dignify, or even to palliate it; a spurious pretension, a degrading ascendancy, which, no man of honor can tolerate with patience, to which no man of spirit will submit without resistance. "If I am to have a master," exclaimed the late Mr. Randolph, "let him be one whom I can respect; let him have epaulets upon his shoulders, a sword by his side; let him be an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon; I cannot bow down before a man with a quill behind his ear". This Mr. Biddle, is *what I* would call a *vulgar despotism*; and a *servile route* is one that would rather succumb to silver than to steel; which hugs a chain of gold as less degrading than fetters of iron; which would sooner march to the clinking of coin than to the tap of the drum.

Sir, there is something in this sordid spirit, this pecuniary dependence, which is destructive of all manliness, all true dignity, all genuine nobility of character. It debauches the principles, it perverts the taste, it withers the imagination. In the eyes of these soul-bought pensioners, who live from day to day, or from month to month, upon the charity doled out to them, in the shape of what are delicately called facilities, the president of a bank, or some overgrown usurer, is a greater man, a being more worthy of applause and admiration than the illustrious heroes and benefactors of mankind. It is to him they sing pæans, and shout their acclamations; it is to him they offer their sacrifices, their orations, their triumphs, of a form and degree unrecorded in the annals of antiquity. What honorable man can read without a tinge upon his cheek, for his fellowmen and for his country, the vile flatteries,

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